

This time needs poetry, so heavy is it with meaning. John's first letter is written with something of this 'heaviness' in view and yet with a poetic lightness that brings God close, or better, introduces us gently into the furnace of God's love – the love that moves the stars but moves us also. It's a dynamo or power which could tear us apart but instead brings us together. It's a movement which carries us along in a wild dance to destinations unknown and yet stills us. It's passion – and rest. It's many – and one. It's paradoxical because, try as we might, it's not our love for God but God's love for us. We are created, anew and anew and anew.

*My years stretch backward, forward,  
To the point where time laps, tideless,  
To the shores of a star-bright density:  
And seas I voyaged, misty lands I touched,  
(That eager search!) have yielded emptiness  
Beside the unencompassed present of this hour.  
And now I know that heaven is not far –  
No long dimension of a distant sphere –  
Nor are our fetters more than fragile bonds  
Swift-broken as an outgrown chrysalis:  
For love is the enduring moment, love alone,  
And the whole world might crumble into dust  
With silence curled around the circumference  
Yet love still burn – this love – unquenchable.*

*Tideless Shore: Anne Dover (Sr. Giles of the Poor Clares)*

Yes, that, I think, is the heart of the matter.  
And Jesus its definitive expression.

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